

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.  
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, December 11, 1802.

*The Castle de Warrenne.*

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XVI.

Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmiz'd;  
One,—ignorance: the other,—pain disguis'd;  
Thou wert, had all thy wishes been possess'd,  
Supremely curst, from being greatly blest!

SAVAGE.

WHEN the happy travellers arrived at the Castle, they were welcomed at the gates by De Lacy; a messenger having been beforehand dispatched to give them advice of their intended return. He embraced the fugitives with transport, and led them exultingly to Matilda, whose joy was so excessive, that she could scarcely believe the reality of what she saw, while once more clasping in her arms her beloved long lost daughter. The first effusions of maternal tenderness subsided, she affectionately embraced Oliva, and soon recognized Albert; but when Constantia presented him as their vainly-sought Raymond, and her defender, her surprize was only equalled by her transport; and she bestowed upon him an almost equal share of caresses with her child.

A Courier was instantly forwarded to the Chateau De Barome, requesting the presence of her excellent friends at the Castle, to participate her happiness in the recovery of her child, without mentioning the strange discovery which succeeded it. Raymond would have flown with the wings of filial duty, but she pointed out to him,

in forcible terms, the impropriety of such a sudden proceeding. The remainder of the day was passed in the recapitulation of former events, in which they took a mutual interest.

Early in the following morning a carriage drove furiously up to the Castle, and presently Sir William and Lady Barome alighted. Raymond, as they entered the apartment where they were all waiting, could scarcely conceal his emotion. Matilda took her friend's hand: after the first tumult of congratulations—

"My dear aunt," said she, watching her countenance with attention, "an extraordinary event has occurred; which has, more particularly than my own affairs, occasioned me to send for you in such haste: but, I fear the fatigue of your rapid journey has rendered you incapable of bearing a great surprize."

"Ah! my dear Matilda," said Lady Barome with a faint smile and profound sigh, "why this preparation? One (only) event, on this side the grave, could now affect me, and of that, alas! I have long since ceased to hope. Speak freely then, my dear friend, nor fear to excite in me any distress."

"What, if that only event you allude to," said Matilda, "should be the real cause of my message?"

"Speak!—oh! speak, my dear friend!" said Sir William, interrupting her with eagerness:—"have pity on the feelings of a father!—Say—have you heard any tidings of my dear boy?"

"This youth," returned Matilda, presenting Raymond, "has been his constant companion and bosom friend:—from him learn his fate."

Raymond bent his knee to the ground, his eyes filled with tears.

"Your son, Lady," said he, addressing Lady Barome, in a tremulous voice,

"lives:—his present state is, comparatively with what it has lately been, happy.—There still remains your acknowledgment of him to complete his felicity."

He raised his eyes with a look of expectation not to be misunderstood. Lady Barome clasped her hands together, fell on his neck, and sobbed—

"You are—you are my son!" whilst Sir William hung over them, with his arms extended, to receive the next embrace. Alternately they pressed him to their bosoms with unalloyed delight.

Raymond then repeated to them what had befallen him since his departure from Warrenne Castle; which, excepting the adventure of Baron St. Welham, contained little that was interesting to an unconcerned person, being merely a recapitulation of the chances of war. The gentle Olivia, alone, seemed not to partake of the general hilarity: a pensive melancholy overspread her features, and she seemed to spend all her solitary moments in secret repining. Constantia, well acquainted with the cause, related it to her mother, and requested her to mediate with Lady Barome for the welfare of her friend.

"Alas! my friend," said Lady Barome to Matilda, "Fortune seems still to cross our wishes. I have, since the return of my Raymond, flattered myself with the pleasing hope of uniting our children, and cherished my enthusiasm so far, as to imagine that I perceived a mutual affection to subsist between them. However, I submit to the unerring judgment of Providence, and shall certainly not controul his choice: nay, I shall conceive it an act of justice to make him fulfil the expectations which he has raised in the mind of the sweet girl."

She then sent for her son, and, after informing him that she was acquainted with the secret of his love, added her orders that

he should openly declare himself to be the lover of Olivia.

Raymond started: a deadly paleness overspread his countenance; and he retreated a few steps in visible consternation.

"Ah! my mother," cried he, in sorrowful accents, "what do I hear! Your goodness does but serve to render me doubly wretched!—I cannot love Olivia."

"Raymond!" said Lady Barome, with an angry glance, "do I find you inconstant?—Can you dishonestly fly from from your former professions?—Go!—go!—you are no longer my son!"

"Yet, hear me, Madam!" cried he, with increasing distraction—"do not too hastily condemn your suffering son;—hear but my vindication, and I trust you will not find me altogether so culpable as your nice sense of rectitude leads you so prematurely to suspect."

Olivia was the first female with whom it was my fate to associate. Young, sanguine, and susceptible, I could not behold her extreme beauty unmoved; and her tender attentions to me led me to mistake gratitude for love. The indelicate rudeness of her sister, Victoria, disgusted me; and I acknowledged, that I preferred Olivia.

"My unsettled fortunes at that time prevented my making her any honourable proposals, and others I did not presume to insult her with. The anger and resentment of her father and her ungente sister, happily, occasioned me to quit their house so precipitately, as to preclude the possibility of making her acquainted with the sentiments which I imagined she had inspired."

"In the discharge of my duty I soon lost every idea of Olivia, and had ceased to delude my fancy with romantic expectations, when the scene took place in the field noticed by Lady Matilda. Shall I own to you my dear mother, that the impropriety of her conduct in assuming that disguise, so repugnant to the becoming modesty of her sex, first opened my eyes; and if she inspired any sentiment, it was that of disgust, softened by compassion for the errors of her head; and I quitted her with a remonstrance which I have since thought too pointed and severe. In proportion as her affection increased, mine decreased; and when I first beheld the attractive Constantia, my heart instantaneously decided in her favour."

"Cease, Raymond," cried Lady Barome, in a voice at once expressive of grief and indignation, "nor add cruelty to ingratitude! Are then, all sparks of humanity extinguished in your bosom? I acknowledge full well the beauty and merits of Constantia; and, had not you been bound by duty otherwise, I

would with pride have forwarded your choice. But oh! my son, reflect—that for you Olivia braved the horrors of a dangerous campaign—abjured her home—the privileges of her sex!—and for this, too fickle youth, you despise her!—And yet, my Raymond," added she, in a softer voice, "to speak impartially, I must applaud your nice feelings, and confess that they exalt you in my opinion. When a woman steps beyond the prescribed bounds of delicacy to which her sex are limited, she deservedly incurs the contempt of mankind, nor can excess of love plead a fair excuse: yet, do not think that I would in aught prove an advocate for those men, who make nice principles an excuse for their own constitutional infidelity, and inhumanly raise hopes solely to exult over the credulity of their victim!—Such a wretch I hope will never be found in my Raymond. —Sincerely do I pity your case. All that I can say is, that as you are in honour and gratitude bound to Olivia, I would have you, on pain of my displeasure, seriously endeavour to renew your affection for her: Think, Raymond, she would have died for you!—Remember,—I do not command—I only entreat—you to give up all thoughts of Constantia, (to whom I can never encourage you to pay your addresses,) and transfer all your love to the unhappy Olivia."

Penetrated by the most poignant grief, Raymond retired from the presence of his mother. His own heart dictated to him the justice of her remonstrances, and tho' painful to himself, he nevertheless resolved to act agreeably to her wishes: he therefore shunned the presence of Constantia with sedulous care; whilst she, knowing all the transactions, endured equal pain with himself. Sincerely attached to Olivia, she would have esteemed it the greatest act of criminality to receive the vows of a man to whom she knew her to be so strongly inclined; knowing, from the feelings of her own breast, how strongly rooted such affections are: she, therefore, on her part, conducted herself with the greatest reserve to the distressed Raymond, who attributed her coldness toward him to dislike. Their mutual deception continued for some time: notwithstanding, their attachment, in spite of their endeavours to restrain it, daily increased; accompanied also by an increase of uneasiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### MAXIMS.

All who laugh are not mirthful.  
To win much the stake must be large.  
Intense pleasures cannot come frequently.

#### FROM THE BALANCE.

As many people, of friendly benevolent dispositions, as well as some others of an opposite cast, plunge themselves into poverty and wretchedness, by a thoughtless profusion, or thro' a want of prudent economy, the following excellent maxims of economy, extracted from the ingenious and valuable writings of the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, are recommended to general perusal.—They may be particularly useful to young men and young women, who are just setting out in the world.

Edit. Bal.

"SPEND not your money before you have earned it; nor promise it, before you are sure of it. Promises, made on other men's credit, or on mere contingencies, are liable to fail. If you disappoint your neighbour often, you lose your credit and his confidence; and perhaps provoke a suit, which breaks friendship, disturbs your peace, and augments your expence."

"Estimate your probable incomes, making some allowance for disappointments; and let your expences fall so much short, that something may be left at the year's end. He that daily consumes the fruits of his daily labour, is unprepared for the day of misfortune. Most men, if they will live within the bounds of nature, may, by moderate industry, provide for themselves and families. It is always reputable to live moderately, when we have not the means of living splendidly. The example of others is not the standard by which we are to judge of extravagance; but our own circumstances and abilities.—That may be extravagance in one, which would be parsimony in another."

"Enter not into too close connections with those of superior fortunes, if they are disposed to live faster than you can follow. Never make a vain ostentation of wealth which you do not possess; nor live at other men's expence, when you can live at your own. Waste not, in indulgence, that time, which you owe to the duties of life, the culture of your mind and education of your family. Consume not in luxury, that money which you owe to your creditor, or to the public, or by which you might relieve your family from distress. When you see another grow rich, or seem to grow rich, in any calling, conclude not that you could do the same; nor quit your own profession, for one, which you do not understand, and have not the means of pursuing. Many have fallen by reaching at things too high for them. Lay out for yourself business to fill up your time, but not more than you can manage well. Be not in too great haste to be rich. The moderate profits of your own proper business are the surest; and the honest gains of industry and frugality are the most sweet, reputable and durable."



## FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"*Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.*"

THIS sentiment of an author renowned for eloquence and great embellishments of mind, has strengthened me in my opinion, that medical gentlemen are inferior, in no respect, to the most enlightened of mankind; that they possess not only that suavity of disposition which makes men beloved by their acquaintance, but are also endowed in an eminent degree with that knowledge which many wise and renowned men have never attained,—the knowledge of oneself. Many of my acquaintance, who profess themselves to be my friends, have urged as an argument against the excellence of the medical character, that difference of opinion that ever has existed with respect to the origin and treatment of diseases, (and which I am bold to say forever must exist, to distinguish those of superior merit from those of inferior talents.) This so far from being an argument against them, tends to prove the validity of the opinion which I have advanced.

As the mind, ever towering and grasping knowledge, must sometimes be impeded in its progress, that it may acquire new vigour, and shine more and more luminous: so that difference which prevails among men of medical science, altho' it, at first, may beget animosity, will tend to produce a more general diffusion of the knowledge of facts, which men, ever ambitious of fame, have carefully collected, and will finally draw forth that respect from our fellow-citizens, which is doubtless due to men whose whole lives have been dedicated to the doing good; by which, in the explicit language of a great scholar, they have approached nearer to their Maker than all other men.

AMICUS MEDICIS.

## ORIGIN OF THE WORD DUN.

SOME have derived this word from the French word *donnez*, signifying *give me*, implying a demand of something due, and others, amongst whom is the celebrated Dr. Johnson, from the Saxon word *dunan* to *clamour*. Both are wrong. The origin of the word, as related in a periodical work, published in London nearly a century ago, is simply this. In the reign of Henry the VII. a famous bailiff, named *Joe Dun*, lived in the town of Lincoln. This man was so extremely dexterous in his rough business, that it was usual, when a person refused to pay his debts, to say, *why don't you dun him?* That is, why don't you send *Dun* to arrest him? And hence the custom, of calling a person, who presses another for the payment of money, a *Dun*.



## A FRAGMENT.

WHILE one part of mankind are busy in various occupations—while another hurries down the stream of pleasure—while the husbandman toils—while the libertine is busy seeking for those pleasures which his heart is fond of—I, not knowing why, sit here in musing meditation, indulging pensive feelings. I have no substantial evil—I am not a wretch of poverty, of shame, or disgrace—yet I feel heart-felt pains. My fancy ranges through various scenes—I see the tenderest bonds of nature broken—I see bright prospects terminate in pain—I see an increase of cares and infirmities—I see youth sink into an untimely grave, while love betrays her heaving sighs. All this makes my feelings alive, and causes me to sympathize in the sorrows of others. This is no virtue: I cannot but indulge it—it is of real use to myself. It teaches me to know the imbecility of my own nature—it raises my heart to the Author of nature, from whom cometh every thing good. Some condemn this warmth of feeling; others praise it. Some seem never to have a moment's gloom, while the countenance of others is sad and sorrowful. Pensive-ness seems to afford the most agreeable sensations. The soul feels no chilling fears, nor yet does the bosom ache. The mind assumes an agreeable cast, and is filled with sadly pleasing thoughts—it loves the dark shade and faint light of the solemn scene. The heart expands for all mankind—and Virtue, even in ruins, pleases most—she receives the dignity of woe. The mind is enamoured of solitude, and assumes a melancholy mood.

The tongue of folly condemns this dejection of spirits, while indifference is silent, and the mark of a tear is never seen on her cheek. Such a state of mind has been called affectation: it has been derided by many—yet, derided and acute as thou often art, O Sensibility! may I ever be thy child! May my ear never be deaf to thy voice! May my tongue ever utter thy language! Thee I invoke, sweet friendly Sensibility! Thou keepest the soul alive to the most heavenly exertions—Thou fillest the bosom with those dearest sensations, which none but virtuous minds can feel.—Hearts under thy impression vibrate in unison.—Let me ever seek thee, and never seek thee in vain.

## WARNING TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

In the town of Manchester, in England, not long since, a number of young people

combined, without intending any evil, to frighten one of their companions, a girl about 18 years of age. For this purpose they procured a skeleton of a man, from a neighbouring doctor, and laid it in the bed in which the young woman usually slept; they then placed themselves in an adjoining room, to wait the event. At the common hour, Nancy (this was her name) retired to her chamber—in a few minutes, her waiting friends were alarmed by a noise which issued from her room; they rushed in, already laughing at the fears their plan had excited, when, horrid to relate, they beheld the lovely female in the most agonizing convulsions, pressing the grim skeleton to her naked bosom, and lavishing upon it a thousand kisses!

As soon as the astonishment of the spectators would permit, she was removed from the chamber, and every art exerted to soothe her to reason, but without effect. She soon expired, an unfortunate victim to the folly of her inconsiderate friends.

## DEPRAVED APPETITE.

A French Paper gives the following extraordinary account:—

"A young man of the neighbourhood of Lyons, of the name of Tarare, and who in early life was a waterman, took delight in swallowing pebbles; great pieces of raw meat, however filthy; whole baskets full of fruit; knives, and even living creatures; nothing could induce him to abjure that pernicious habit, which soon became natural to him.—At the beginning of the revolutionary war, he enlisted in a battalion of the army serving on the Rhine; and he always resorted to the outside of a military infirmary, for the food which suited his palate!—He would quarrel with the pigs for their disgusting meat; he was always running after cats, dogs, and serpents, which he devoured alive!—It became necessary to drive him away by force from the rooms where the dead bodies were deposited, and from the place where the blood, drawn from the sick, was laid by for the inspection of the surgeons.—One day, however, a child of 16 months old was missing, and Tarare ran away as soon as it was discovered; but in the 6th year of the Republic, he was admitted into the hospital of Versailles, in the last stage of a decline, which he said proceeded from his having once swallowed a silver fork! There did he surrender his monstrous existence."



FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE  
TO A COURSE OF*Experimental Philosophy,*Delivered in the Friends' Academy, on the  
Evening of the 30th ult.

By JOHN CRAIG;

And published at the request of a number of the  
audience.

NATURAL Philosophy is that science which investigates the properties of natural bodies, and the laws by which they are governed.

Experimental Philosophy is that which has its foundation in experience; where in nothing is assumed as a truth, but what is founded upon ocular demonstration, or the evidence of sense. In its present state it admits of two general divisions; into Mechanical and Chemical. Mechanical Philosophy treats of such motions and forces as take place among bodies of sensible magnitude. Chemical, is concerned with the mutations of the invisible particles whereof bodies are composed: to the former of these we mean to confine our speculations at present.

Experimental Philosophy was very little, or rather not at all cultivated by the ancients; and the moderns are not sparing in their abuse of them, for their neglect thereof. Had the ancients attended more to experiments, and less to speculation, it would, no doubt, have been better for themselves; but I am inclined to think it would have been worse for us. Had they devoted their time and their talents to the study of nature, they of course must have neglected the mathematical sciences, which they brought to such a degree of perfection, that some of their works, to this day, remain unrivalled. Now there is little doubt, that the labours of those sages of antiquity, on whom the moderns are so severe in their censures, were in no small degree conducive to the great discoveries made in natural philosophy during the seventeenth century: had the works of Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, and others, not been handed down to us, it is more than probable we never would have heard of the discoveries of Bacon, of Boyle, or of Newton.

However, it is certain that the method of investigating the laws of nature by analyses, was not attended to before the middle of the thirteenth century, when Roger Bacon, an English Friar, set about making experiments, and spent a considerable fortune in prosecuting them. His labours,

however, as well as those of others who succeeded him, were attended with little success, in consequence of the untrodden paths in which they travelled.

About the year 1580, Francis Bacon, afterwards Chancellor of England, a man of uncommon learning and genius, having maturely considered the state of philosophy at that time, undertook its reformation. He exposed the errors into which philosophers had fallen; demonstrated the absurdity of the methods they took to explain the operations of nature, by means of their hypothesis and fictions, which had no foundation in the nature of things. He then proceeded to shew what real advances had been made in this science; what parts of it remained unexplored; and lastly, pointed out the method by which they were to be discovered, namely, by experiments and observations, generalized by mathematical reasoning.

There is no species of emancipation more difficult, than that from deep-rooted prejudice. For in spite of all Sir Francis Bacon had done for the advancement of true philosophy, the greater part remained wedded to that senseless scholastic jargon, that had been in vogue, or rather, had been corrupting from the days of Plato and Aristotle. At length, however, some began to follow a more rational course; among those Sir Robert Boyle bore the most distinguished rank, on account of his unremitting labour and liberality in exciting others to pursue the same laudable undertaking.

The invention of the Telescope, Microscope and air-pump had now opened a wide field for experiments, and many surprising properties of bodies began to be discovered, but little was done towards investigating the general laws of nature: Philosophers still remaining wedded to some system or other, endeavoured to make all their experiments agree therewith; hence they were blind to the very laws and properties, which nature, in their experiments, exhibited before their eyes. But prejudice was not the only obstacle that stood in their way to true philosophy. They were ignorant of the mathematical sciences in general, and of geometry in particular; nor could any thing less than Sir Isaac Newton laying open the great laws of the universe, by their means, convince them of the utility of these sciences.

To Sir Isaac Newton then we are arrived, that ornament of human nature; to whose unparalleled genius and industry we are indebted for almost all we know of true philosophy. He, following the footsteps of Bacon, penetrated the secrets of

nature; discovered the general laws by which she governs the universe; and cast light even on light itself. In short, he advanced mechanical philosophy to a degree of perfection, which I fear human nature will never far surpass; for all that has been done since his time, amounts to no more than the discovery of some particular cases comprised in his general rules.

I know it has become fashionable of late to speak in colder strains of this great man. Numberless cavels have been started against his philosophy; and some have endeavoured to ridicule the whole as a fiction, no better than the chimerical hypothesis of the antients. These men, I am afraid, are ignorant of that clue by which Newton unravelled the universe: and there is nothing more common than to despise, or pretend to despise, what we cannot comprehend. Besides, the electric shocks that some have received within the last thirty years, has made such formidable impression on their imaginations, as well as their nerves, that they are disposed to think, that nothing but electricity can account for any thing: and consequently, the Newtonian Philosophy, not being built thereon, must be wrong.

I hope, however, they will not overturn the whole system, before they supply us with one equally good. Let them give us a system by which we can calculate the places of the sun, the moon, and the planets, to the same surprising degree of exactness, that Newton has taught us; let them give us new principles, whereby we can determine our longitude at sea, so connectedly as is now done, by the Newtonian theory; let them give us a new doctrine of light and colours, that will explain the phenomena on the same rational footing which his has done; let them do these things, and every lover of truth will give them that credit which such discoveries deserve.

A late writer, who in other respects has great merit, has attempted to strike at the very foundation of the Newtonian philosophy, by denying that the form of the earth is that of an oblate spheroid; and thinks he has proven it to be prolate, or lengthened out towards the poles. But this author, like the rest of the objectors, appears ignorant of the first principles of geometry, and has formed a wrong notion of what is meant, by the true latitude of a place, upon the earth's surface. When we come to treat of the earth, we shall explain the cause of his mistake; and also make some remarks on his theory of tides, which he



supposes to be entirely produced, by the periodical effusions of the polar ices.

But the most general objection is, that the Newtonian philosophy is purely mechanical; and that the author, for want of a knowledge of electricity, was obliged to have recourse to occult forces, which could not explain the operations of nature.

We grant the Newtonian Philosophy is purely mechanical; and will venture to assert, that its being so is its highest recommendation. To reduce the seemingly complicated laws of nature to the simple and universal laws of mechanics, was a task to which Newton alone was equal: and the universal agreement of these laws with what we every day behold, is sufficient proof of their existence. It is true, Newton, neither knew nor pretended to know, what was the essential cause of the laws he discovered; this he again and again acknowledges: for example, when he investigates the law by which bodies tend, or fall towards the earth, observing that all bodies had such a propensity, he justly concludes that they are all acted on by some power, or force, which he calls gravity. But whether that force be an inherent property of all matter, or an infused quality; whether it be caused by the action of a subtle fluid; or by the agency of some intellectual being, appointed to superintend the universe; or lastly, whether it be by the immediate presence of the great Creator of all things, he does not pretend to determine.

Electricity in Newton's time was little understood; later discoveries have made us better acquainted with it; and proved it to be a real substance, identically the same with fire, and the sun's light. But these discoveries do not explain the primary causes of Nature's operations; altho' several have attempted, by their means, to do it.

Philosophers in general, have always been prone to look for an explication of the operations of nature, in some subtle fluid; even before it was known that any such fluid did really exist. And now, tho' the existence of that fluid is proven beyond all exceptions, they seem as far from their point as when they first set out.

To me it appears the height of vanity and presumption, to attempt an investigation of the primary causes of things. When we consider, that no body can put itself in motion, any more than it can create itself, it undoubtedly follows, that there must be some agent employed in the material world, that is not material. Now, as we cannot conceive, how an immaterial being does

act upon a material substance, or in other words, how a spirit acts upon matter, it follows, that we never can in our present situation, comprehend the nature of the causes by which the universe is governed.

What then, it may be asked, is the object of Natural Philosophy. I answer, to discover the laws of nature, the properties of bodies, and the effects resulting from their various combinations; in order to apply them to our numerous wants and necessities in life; to expand our minds; to give us just and comprehensive views of the nature and fitness of things; and thence be enabled to form, in some measure, adequate conceptions of that Being, by whose Omnipotence the universe was created, and by whose constant care it is preserved in that order, and regularity, which we every where behold.

Now all things can be done as effectually, as if we were acquainted with the very essence of things: for instance, we can demonstrate that the planets in their orbits describe areas, proportionable to the times of revolution about the sun, and thence compute their places for any instant of time, as well as if we saw with our eyes, the Hand behind the scene, that keeps these globes in motion. I would not, however, be understood, as paying obedience to the authority of Newton, or following him as the leader of a sect or party. The true Electric Philosophy, knows of no such distinctions. Newton was a man, subject to errors and imperfections, like other men; and therefore, his authority, or that of any other, ought to have no weight whatever, unless supported by reason and experience. What I contend for, is, that the Newtonian Philosophy has the sanction of reason and experience on its side; that it is the philosophy of nature; and of course, must remain so long as the laws of nature continue to be what they are. To talk of any other system of Philosophy, in contradiction to that of Newton, is therefore absurd, until the laws of nature be inverted, and a new order of things established.

Nor is it an objection to say, that the force of gravitations is an occult quality. The thing admits of no dispute, it is a matter of fact, which every moment's experience confirms: and to call matters of fact occult, or hidden, is, in plain English, to talk nonsense. I have been led involuntarily, into this justification of the Newtonian Philosophy, in consequence of the attacks made against it in some of those publications, which are now too much in circulation among us. Publications which

pretend to enlighten the mind by teaching true philosophy, but are, in fact, only calculated to lead the universe into the dreary and inhospitable regions of Impiety, Infidelity, and universal Scepticism?

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

AS the *Enquirer* seems not satisfied concerning the electric phenomenon formerly mentioned in the Repository, and as I believe his queries proceed from a real desire of information, I will endeavour to gratify him.

His first quere is, "Can the electric fire be produced by the friction of two electrics?" I answer, It can, by any two yet known, without exception.

Quere 2nd. "Are, or are not, silk stockings and flannels, when dyed black, in any degree conductors?" Answer, Not only silk or flannel, when dyed black; but even glass, the most perfect electric yet known, is in some degree a conductor.

Quere 3d. "If not, why will not the phenomena take place on separating two of the above-mentioned substances, though of one colour?" Answer, Because both will be charged with the same species of electricity, and consequently no discharge can take place between them.

Quere 4th. "Would the vapours, as they, by condensation, descended to the floor, carry off the fluid gradually, without producing any discharge?" Answer, The idea of a body approaching another; and at the same time carrying away something from it, is so new, that I cannot give my opinion upon it.

As the *Enquirer* appears unacquainted with the modern discoveries in electricity, I would warmly recommend to his perusal, the article "Electricity," in *Dobson's Supplement to the Encyclopædia*; where he may find sufficient information to remove all his doubts and scruples. SCIOLUS.

### Extracts,—by a Reader.

NUMBER III.

"To please the Friends of Virtue I try"

#### AN ESSAY ON LOVE.

Solid Love, whose root is Virtue, can no more die than Virtue itself. ERASMUS.

SINCE Love is a passion deeply implanted in the nature of human kind, and productive of as much misery as happiness;



since emperors, kings, and princes are obliged to submit to its power: and we may every day observe more pine away with secret anguish,\* for the unkindness of those upon whom they have fixed their affections, than for any other calamity in life. It cannot be foreign to our design to point out those soils, in which this plant is most likely to grow and prosper. But that we may not be thought too rigid in principle, or to advance any new hypothesis, repugnant to the known laws of nature and religion, let us first lay before you the sentiments of a gay and great genius, as well read in this science as any of his predecessors were, or any of his successors ought to be.

Love, the most generous passion of the mind,  
The softest refuge Innocence can find;  
The safe director of unguided youth,  
Fraught with kind wishes and secured by truth;  
The cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,  
To make the nauseous draught of life go down,  
On which one only blessing God might raise,  
In lands of atheists, subsidies of praise:  
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,  
But felt a God, and bless'd his power in Love.

Thus far we agree with him; for the wise author of our motto informs us, that if we would keep Love from withering, and preserve its verdure, we should plant it in truth and virtue, prune off all the luxuriant branches which weaken the stock, and depreciate the fruit. How careful, therefore, should we be in the choice of the soil; for, should we mistake in this, we are sure to entail sorrow and anxiety upon ourselves and posterity.

To anticipate success in this important affair, be careful not to make too much haste to be happy, any more than to be rich; to avoid strangers, and to let your reason and understanding keep pace with your eyes and inclination. Laugh at the old miser who covets you for a nurse, and despise the vain young butterfly, who bristles with gaudy plumes, squanders away his wealth and patrimony, and tosses about his empty noddle to no other purpose than to get possession of a mistress, and render her altogether as trifling and vicious as himself. Then turn your eyes upon the gay world, and behold it made up for the most part of a set of conceited, fluttering, emaciated animals, worn out in hunting after their own pleasures. Wretches, who confess, condemn and lament, but continue to pursue their own infelicity! These are scenes of sorrow, and objects of misery! Vultures, that prey upon the vitals of the imprudent, and hope to repair their shattered fortunes from the spoils of innocence and credulity!

There is another fatal error to which virtuous love is exposed, and which calls aloud for redress. In the course of my life I have more than once been present at the barter and sale of children and orphans of both

sexes, to the highest bidder: Nay, not long ago I was an eye witness to a transaction of this kind—A young gentleman, of no inconsiderable fortune was sent for from the country, to town, and in less than three hours after his arrival, obliged to marry a young lady he had never before set his eyes on, or perhaps heard of. What love, harmony, constancy or friendship, (the bands of conjugal happiness!) can possibly be expected from such precipitancy? If indeed a large premium given to the principal marriage-broker, or the laying together large estates could purchase felicity, as it does husbands and wives, the contract might be deemed laudable; but when we daily observe controversies, animosities, elopements, and divorces, the consequences of such junctions, it is an evident act of inhumanity and barbarity.

It has often amazed me to observe how nice and anxious gentlemen are in keeping of their irrational stocks, whether horses, sheep, poultry, &c. and how careless and indolent in that of their own progeny. Oh shocking custom! the height of cruelty, the scandal of christianity!

It is well known there are gentlemen and ladies enough in this country of affluence, &c. with personal endowments suitable to any degree of life; why then should we chuse to couple them so unequally? Old age with youth; disease with health; debauchery with modesty; and all vices with the contrary virtues?

Let the prudent lady chuse for a partner, a gentleman fraught with religion, virtue, and good manners, of a free, open, generous disposition; of a soul sincere and susceptible; one who can see and feel for the misfortunes of others, and who is ready to lend his friendly advice and timely assistance to those who are in distress. He who is not possessed of a warm, generous heart, will make but a cold, friendless companion; you are therefore to find the way to that, and not precipitately take a man who wears a smile on his countenance, and will disguise and cloak a thousand rogueries, and vile intentions. You must learn to distinguish between reality and appearance, which is not to be done without being intimately acquainted with the object. And from hence arises the necessity of a formal courtship: for in the course of time, however artful the person may be, some unguarded sallies will be made, sufficient to give you a clue to the whole character, provided passion does not eclipse the sun-beams of reason, and prevent your laying hold of the opportunity.

But that our ladies may be the better enabled to engage gentlemen with these endowments, it will be necessary for them to imitate the following character of Antiope:

\* It may, perhaps, be remarked that Reader has here omitted a word, which he also has in several other places.

"Antiope is gentle, plain-hearted, prudent; her hands despise not labour; she foresees things at a great distance; she provides against contingencies; she knows how to be silent; she acts regularly without a hurry; she is for ever employed, but never embarrassed, because she does every thing in due season, the good order of her father's house is her glory; it adds greater lustre to her than her very beauty. Though the care of all lies upon her, and she is charged with the burden of reproving, refusing, sparing, (things that make all other women hated,) she has acquired the love of all the household; and this, because they find not in her either passion, conceitedness, levity, nor humour, as in other women. With the single glance of her eye they know her meaning, and are afraid to displease her. The orders she gives are plain, she commands nothing but what may be performed; she improves with kindness, and even amidst her reprehensions she finds room to give encouragement to do better. Her father's heart reposes itself upon her, as a traveller, fainting under the sun's sultry rays, reposes himself on the tender grass, beneath a shady tree.

"Antiope, O Telemachus! is a treasure worthy to be sought for, even in the most remote regions. Her mind is never trimmed any more than her body, with vain gaudy ornaments; her fancy, though full of life, is restrained by her discretion; she never speaks but when there is an absolute occasion; and when she opens her mouth, soft persuasion, and genuine graces flow from her lips. The moment she begins every body is silent, which throws a bashful confusion into her face: she could find in her heart to suppress what she was about to say, when she finds she is so attentively listened to.

"You may remember, O Telemachus! when her father one day made her come in, how she appeared with eyes cast down, covered with a large veil, and spoke no more than just enough to moderate the anger of Idomeneus, who was just going to inflict a rigorous punishment on one of his slaves. At first she took part with him in his troubles, then she calmed him; at last, she intimated to him what might be alleged in excuse of the poor wretch, and without letting the king know that he was transported beyond due bounds, she inspired into him sentiments of justice and compassion. Thetis, when she sooths old Nereus, does not appease with more sweetness the raging billows.

"Thus, Antiope, without assuming any authority, and without taking any advantage of her charms, will one day manage the heart of a husband, as she now touches the lute when she would draw from it the most melting sounds. Once again, I tell you, Telemachus, your love for her is well-grounded; the gods design her for you,



you love her with rational affection, but you must wait till Ulyses grants her to you. I commend you for not having discovered your sentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any by-methods to let her know your designs, she would have rejected them, and ceased to have a value for you; she never will promise herself to any one, but will leave herself to be disposed of by her father. She will never take for her spouse a man that does not fear the gods, and who does not quit himself of all the duties that are incumbent upon him."

*A Friend to mutual Virtuous Love.*

## PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 11, 1802.

### INTELLIGENCE.

#### STRANGE PROGENY.

A London Paper, of Sept. 23, 1802, says, "A cat has brought forth a kitten and two rabbits, in Piccadilly, and has attracted much notice of several naturalists. The kitten is black and white, and in every particular perfectly of the cat species. The rabbits are of the common grey colour, the same of the wild species, and are extremely playful; and when they venture too far from the mother, she brings them back in her mouth with maternal tenderness."

Noah Miles and William King were lately convicted before the Supreme Court of Vermont, held at Bennington, of the crime of swindling, and sentenced to pay, the former 500, and the latter 400 dollars fine to the state, with costs of prosecution, and stand committed until sentence is complied with. These villains had concerted a scheme to cheat poor credulous and weak persons; and strange as it may appear, had actually received 100 dollars from one Jephth Beebe, 72 from Abiel Hopkins, and 58 from John Marble, for a bond conditioned to supply all their wants, and grant them every favour they should ask for seven years, at the end of which time they should be his, body and soul, unless they could contrive to cheat the devil, as King said he had done several times, once by desiring him to carry him to heaven, which he could not do, and once by desiring him to empty the ocean with a goose-quill. King said he could raise Satan, the prince of the powers of the air; and if any person would join in what he termed a Concord with the Devil, he should have what he requested in money, but he must first pay 100 dollars, which would entitle him to a bank dividend in Satan's treasury.—The scheme was found out by some understanding men joining them, in whose presence the pretended devil was raised. The process was this, the party wishing to bargain with the devil, made a circle round them, and King uttered his incantation in the following words:—"I, William King, by power vested in me, command you Satan, Satan, Satan, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, three, two, in one, I command you to appear before us, in meekness and mildness, not sideways, not behind us, but

"before us."—On this the evidences related, that the pretended devil generally appeared, sometimes like a large, sometimes a smaller man, so that all the devils, it appears, are not yet caught. Once the devil did not appear, because, as King said, he supposed he was mad, for he had whipped him once or twice—and once because he had gone to Connecticut River. The money designed for the devil, as sanctioning the contract, was left in the circle by the persons contracting, from which, after they retired, it was taken by the devil, and the sum they wanted was to be deposited by him in the circle—but once he left a note in these words—

"Don't think to cheat me, your money is bad."

"BE—DUB."

At another time, he said in his note, that there were six of them he had agreed with, and he should not pay any thing until they all appeared. These were the principal facts appearing, the jury found them guilty on the indictment, and it is to hoped the villains will smart severely under the sentence incurred by their villainy and profanity.

Frankfort, (K.) Nov. 10.

Departed this life, July 27th, 1801, Margaret M'Hutton, aged 96, and Aug. 29th following, William M'Hutton, husband of said Margaret, aged 108; they left behind them about 90 children, grand-children, and great grand-children. They were born and married in Argyleshire, Scotland—shortly after they married they migrated to Pennsylvania, America; from thence to Scott country, (K.) where they both died. They lived together in a married state, 76 years, and never experienced any sickness of consequence. Such of their children as were able, took an active part in the American contest for freedom.

Richmond, (Vir.) Nov. 9.

Some weeks ago, a gentleman in this city was bitten above the knee by a Spider. This was about day-break, when he was in bed. He felt a slight puncture like that of a pin; but did not pay attention to it. In a few minutes, he observed a pain shooting upwards from the spot, which presently reached his spine, and gradually approached his heart. On turning up the bed-cloaths, he perceived the Spider. Fortunately, he sent for a friend, who was acquainted with a cure for the poison. This was *plaintain leaf*. As an additional piece of good fortune, his friend knew where a quantity of it was growing. Some leaves were immediately got, and the juice bruised out of them. This was swallowed in mouthfuls. The progress of the poison was stopt; and finally a cure was effected. The gentleman said, that but for this remedy, he tho't he could not have survived an hour longer. Some oil was also poured down his throat, but *plaintain leaf* had the entire credit of his recovery. He was dreadfully weakened; and it seems almost inconceivable how much the whole mass of his blood had been corrupted by the bite of so small an insect. We had these particulars from the gentleman himself, who called at this office, on some business, a few days afterwards. Some years ago, a gentleman in this neighbourhood was also bitten above the knee, by one of those venomous creatures, and was almost in danger of losing his leg. It ought to be a general rule to kill all such vermin, whenever they come within reach.

[Richmond Recorder.]

## Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Roger Davidson, at the Bonny Brook Farm, Mr. John P. Thompson, printer, of Fredericktown, to Miss Peggy Holmes, daughter of Mr. Andre Holmes.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Doctor Shaw, of Germantown, to Mrs. Anne Sayre, of this city.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. John Bowen, printer, of this city, to Miss Hannah Barker.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Rudolph Neff, to Miss Margaret Rugan, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. at Rose Hill, near Trenton, by the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Mr. Manuel Eyre, jun. of this city, to Miss Juliet Phillips, daughter of Mr. Ralph Phillips, of that place.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Capt. Jonas Warren, to Mrs. Martha Smith, of this city.

Same day, by the Rev. Philip Milledoler, Mr. Thomas Peacan, merchant, to the amiable Miss Sannab Sadler, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Patrick Carson, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Mourey, both of this city.

Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. David Brown, of Lancaster, to the amiable Miss Mary Beck, of the Northern Liberties.

## Deaths.

DIED, on the 2d inst. William Jones, esq. aged 80.

At St. Vincennes, on the 11th ult. the Hon. William Clarke, first Judge of the Indiana Territory.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The writer who furnished memoirs of *Catherine Alexandrova*, is informed, that the article has been frequently republished, and generally read—Further extracts, however, at a leisure hour, will be acceptable.

The question from a *Young Friend* shall be given next month.

"*Studiosus Legis*"—"Amator Virtutis"—and "*Obscurus*," in our next.

The mathematical question proposed by Mr. N. Major, in page 303, remains unanswered, and claims the attention of our correspondents, before the conclusion of the present volume.

"*Philopeltatos*," wit is sufficiently keen—but when and where did *Amator Virtutis* attempt the "bard?"—either "tuneful" or discordant.

If after "twenty years poring over the Classics," I. C. can produce nothing better than a few mangled anecdotes, it is proof sufficient that the progress of dullness has been uncommonly slow.

## WINTER APPLES.

150 Barrels of Winter Apples  
FOR SALE.

Apply at the Corner of Brown and Second Streets,  
Northern Liberties.

DECEMBER 11, 1802.

## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### SONG.

##### FAIR LAURA.

SAD and slow to yon willow that droops o'er the brook,  
Fair Laura one ev'ning had stray'd;  
Her garb was neglected, and wild was her look,  
For she lov'd—and with shame was repaid.

Not a tear dim'd her eye—not a 'plaint told her care,  
Not a sigh did her lovely lips part;  
Her bosom no guest held but savage despair,  
And broke—ah! quite broke was her heart.

Oh! streamlet," she cried, "from man, faithless and  
base,

"To thy sheltering bosom I fly,  
"From the taunts of the virtuous unsoil'd by disgrace,  
"Unpitied—unnoticed to die.

"And ah! when forgot, I no more am condemn'd,  
"When silent I sleep 'neath the wave;  
"Sweet willow thy branches still lower thou'lt bend,  
"And weeping will't kiss my green grave."

Ne'er again spoke Fair Laura—her sorrows were past,  
To Heaven she turn'd her blue eyes,  
Then sought in the streamlet a cold bed of rest,  
And it roll'd its waves o'er its fair prize.

LINDOR.

### H Y M N S.

#### HYMN XIII.

*My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;  
and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips, when  
I remember Thee upon my bed and meditate on Thee  
in the night watches.* PSAL. LXXIII. 5, 6.

YE nations of the earth draw near  
To God, who rules with sov'reign sway;  
Praise Him in reverential fear  
With the last light of parting day:  
See night in clouds array'd  
Spreads darkness o'er the plain,  
Pale nature mourns, while shade on shade  
Adds terror to its reign.

The mercies of the day review,  
Call ev'ry act, thought, word, to mind:  
O think what might have been your due  
And humbly bend, grateful, resign'd  
To His almighty will,  
Whose love no thought can trace,  
Extending boundless, flowing still  
To all the human race.

Dark, loating clouds may close the day,  
And not one glimmering star give light;  
Loud thundering storms spread dire dismay,  
And add new terrors to the night;

But still from changes free  
Remains the God of Love,  
Should hills be cast amid the sea  
And heav'n and earth remove.

When peaceful slumbers close our eyes  
And worldly cares are hush'd and still,  
Our ever-faithful Friend shall rise  
And safe protect from ev'ry ill:  
And in the morn his light  
He'll send to gild our day,  
Put anxious-boding fear to flight,  
And cheer us on our way.

Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord,  
Nor let tormenting thoughts prevail,  
Believe, relying on his word,  
His mercies sure, can never fail:  
The night of death will come,  
But slavish fear despise,  
His mighty voice shall burst the tomb,  
And we'll triumphant rise. X.W.T.

### SONNET.

#### SUMMER'S MORNING.

OH glorious sight! to view the morn's first ray,  
When first it breaks the solemn shades of night,  
And o'er all nature sheds refulgent light;  
And sol appears, bright regent of the day:

When floating clouds, which morning skies adorn,  
Reflect the glories of his earliest beams,  
And rosy light o'er heav'n's clear azure streams,  
And sweet and balmy is the breath of morn;

I love to rise, and taste the morning breeze,  
While yet the flow'rs are humid with the dew,  
And o'er the fields my early walk pursue;  
Or meditate beneath the rustling trees.

For lovely is the blushing morn to view,  
And fresh and healthful is the balmy dew.

CARLOS.

JUNE, 1802.

### SONNET.

#### SUMMER'S EVENING.

THE sun now glimmers faintly in the west,  
And sheds upon the world his setting rays,  
The feather'd warblers sing their evening lays,  
In notes melodious, and retire to rest.

Along the plains the gentle zephyrs play,  
And sweetest fragrance fills the ambient breeze;  
Which murmurs gently through the leafy trees,  
While clouds reflect the parting beams of day.

The shades of evening gather slowly 'round,  
And nought disturbs the pleasing sylvan scene;  
While all is placid, peaceful and serene:  
Deep silence reigns, unbroken by a sound.

Thus calm and tranquil, free from care and strife,  
Oh! may I travel thro' the vale of life.

CARLOS.

JULY, 1802.

## SELECTIONS BY PETER PRIM.

SCRAP I.

### THE PIOUS SAILOR.

#### A SACRED ODE.

THE man whose heart from vice is clear,  
Whose deeds are honest, true, sincere,  
Whom God and Virtue guide;  
With cautious circumspection wise  
The dangerous wrecks of life defies,  
And stems the mighty tide.

He hears the storms of fortune rise,  
In adverse combat 'midst the skies,  
But hears without dismay;  
His pilot, God, the vessel guides,  
And o'er the steady helm presides,  
And points the distant way.

In vain the Syren's tune their song,  
With treacherous music's luring tongue,  
He still maintains his road;  
In vain they glance their beckoning guiles,  
Destructive charms, and wanton wiles,  
His soul is fix'd on—God.

At length he kens the promis'd land,  
And hail'd aloud the wish'd-for strand,  
With heav'nly joy possess'd;  
And 'midst the plenty of his store  
(His labour past, his toil no more)  
Enjoys the port of rest.

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